THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 714.

TORY SOPHISTRY.

ONE of the most galling of the facts which assail the consciousness of the hired and interested opponents of political reformation, is the evident improvement of France, even under the very partial share of popular government which she has been allowed to attain. It is apparent to all the world, that whatever the terrors of the period of re-action, she stands emancipated from the burthen of an immense portion of venal superstition; from the arrogance and privileges of an insolent and greedy *noblesse;* from a heavy weight of feudal and slavish exaction; and finally, from such a degree of positive despotism, as placed the personal liberty of every soul in France at the disposal of the Monarch and his ministers. Not only so; she has obtained, if not a pure representation, an arena for the conflict of mind, and a press at least comparatively free, with a certain prospect of becoming more so. What is still less palatable, some of the necessary fruits of this approximation towards a *right* line is becoming offensively conspicuous. Public credit has increased and is increasing; commerce and industry are thriving; and if capital be less largely disposable than in neighbouring countries, so much the better for the mass of the people. If to all these particulars be added that still more important result—the obvious spread of correct general notions in respect to freedom and good government, we need no longer wonder at the uneasiness in certain quarters. All this tells against the rant of the weak, and the sophistry of the corrupt, on the subject of revolution. We alluded to some of the latter about a month ago, in a few observations upon an insidious article in the last *Quarterly Review.* Our present purpose is to add a little more upon the crafty mixture of truth and falsehood which the same and kindred writers, are continually employing against all attempts on the part of enslaved nations to amend their condition.

Most general readers will recollect an expression imputed to Lord LONDONDERRY in answer to some observations made to him on the excellence of the English Constitution, when on the Continent:—"Their Constitution is not the best thing which the English possess," was the reported reply. This casual delivery of mind on the part of our unrivalled foreign Secretary, was by some people deemed a *lapsus linguæ;* but the fashionable Tory doctrine to which we allude, discovers the noble Lord's meaning. It is very compendious, amounting to no more nor less than to these simple positions. "The social mind," (we quote the phrase,) "exists before all institutions," and is unchangeable. The social mind of France, and, indeed, of all other countries, except Great Britain, is unfavourable to liberty, and consequently ought not to aspire to it. To which may be added, by way of corollary, that it is therefore fit and proper in British Ministers, openly or covertly, to assist all sorts of despotism to maintain its ground. In the spirit of this enlightened doctrine, Lord LONDONDERRY of course meant that Providence had bestowed a "social mind" upon the English different from that of all the rest of the world, and that her superiority is an especial and exclusive act of Divine favour. To beat this humble presumption into forty pages of plausibility, has been the equally honourable task of the Reviewers; and thus, from two lofty sources, we arrive at the delectable principle which inspires existing foreign policy, and ensures our rapid acquirement of the general hatred of the civilised world.

Were we to quote the foregoing arrogance as *unaffected* on the part of those who exhibit it, our task would be merely to ridicule its absurdity; but such is too clearly not the case. Its purpose is infinitely more profound and insidious; whilst it artfully appeals to national prejudice and vanity on the one side, it accounts for what the foreigner must regard as the unsocial and interested selfishness which is doing its best to prevent the diffusion of a benefit, on the other; and that by undervaluing the very constitution which on all other occasions is so much lauded. In short, it forms a happy specimen of that tortuous sort of ability which distinguishes both the Right Honourable Secretary and the Reviewers. The practical talent of the noble Lord, in adapting means to ends, we will not dwell upon; he may possess a large portion of it in respect to *certain* means and ends; but his speculative opinions, as delivered by himself, are usually of the exact class we have just described. As to the *Quarterly Review,* it is an absolute magazine of perverted intellect, the ingenuity of which only adds to its disgrace, and to the melancholy contempt on the part of the reflective, which a contemplation of gifted prostitution and apostacy must so necessarily excite.

We are in the habit of accusing the French of vanity and with a portion of justice; but we appeal to all the the world, if more consummate egotism was ever twisted into the form of pretension, than that which we have been just describing. But so it is, the grave and hypocritical versions of a vice are uniformly a thousand degrees more intense than the light and constitutional ones. Setting aside the arrogance of the general assumption, the abominable and disgusting impertinence of much of the supplementary reasoning is almost as nationally disgraceful; and the mixture of truth and falsehood with which it abounds only renders it the more perniciously so. Thus we may, with both propriety and complacency, regard ourselves as in a great degree taking the lead in the race of intellect; but it is a most offensive piece of folly to be eternally labouring in elaborate articles to detract from the acquirements and good qualities of all the rest of the world in order to render the fact more conspicuous. To be just, however, this sort of writing *ad captandum,* is not confined to the Quarterly Review, but has occasionally disgraced even the Edinburgh; both having drawled over every department of art, science and literature, to make offensive and uncandid comparisons with a pertinacity of vain glory, which is always undignified, and which sometimes looks exceedingly like rancour. What an outcry was made in England, when the silly *Pillet* filled a book with degrading comparisons! yet we will venture to assert, that since the peace, fifty books have been written in Great Britain against France,

equally unfair although more gravely and speciously composed. The fact is, that to write against France, and French intellect, has become a species of literary dandyism; and every pedantic coxcomb on the *gentlemanly* side, with a plentiful lack of all philosophical power of appreciation, must descant on the infinite inferiority of the French. Let us not be mistaken, we are by no means insensible to the advantages which we certainly possess; but let us bear of them with a due advertence to causes. We observed in our former article, that the source of much of our superiority was the accidental and circumstantial acquirement of earlier freedom, partly from the lesser scale of our feudality, which more rapidly produced a consideration of the people; partly from insular situation, and more than altogether by a less idolatrous respect for the individual on the throne—an item which is cautiously avoided by those who dwell so elaborately upon the result. All this with the tendency to commerce and maritime adventure, the result of geographical position, has necessarily produced greater diversity of character, and the erection of a PUBLIC sooner than in France. The individual has in consequence been uniformly of greater importance in one country than in the other. A few especial causes have also produced wonderful effects in England; the headlong despotism of Henry VIII. for instance, which compressed the work of centuries in a single reign, by a salutary although blind prostration of the bulwarks of an inveterate superstition. The Reformation in consequence operated with tenfold vigour in England compared with France; and the result of the greater ferment of mind has been proportionate. Will the scribes of the Quarterly inform us how much of the intellectual superiority upon which they so complacently expatiate, is attributable to puritanism and schism? Not they: the original "social mind" must account for all; and in their system effect never becomes cause in its turn—institution especially. Upon the strict principle of necessity, these reasoners might make out a part of what they aim at; whatever is, is *necessarily* and in sequence; and "the social mind before all institution" must have commenced the series. But alas, this doctrine properly understood, makes *all* things operative; and history informs us that we have been as turbulent, jealous, headstrong and rebellious a people as any upon record; and that we cut off royal heads a brace of centuries before the days of Louis the Sixteenth. In the spirit of the Quarterly reasoning this must have proceeded from the original tendency of our "social mind before all institution," and have mainly contributed to our existing superiority. These sophisticated writers should never dabble with strong metaphysics; they may possibly supply pap for simple ladies and gentlemen born; but to other sort of heads, their sophisms are mere child's play—puerility itself. If the Quarterly Reviewers in that precious article, called "England and France," were told that they were advocating a more than Turkish fatality, they would possibly demur, yet such is the absolute fact. As a *fashionable* Church of England man we dare say, Mr. Southey, at least, is a most unrelenting partisan of free will, but all this has been overlooked in the anxiety to prove that the French can never be free, and that the "social mind" of all men is unfit for liberty, whose liberty would be disagreeable to the foreign office. This is the nonsense which is to cover the ill will to Spain and Portugal; the treachery to Genoa; the complacent acquiescence in the social immolation of Italy; the interested and cold-hearted opposition to the Greeks; and to all the base and execrable indifference to the inspiring exertions of panting and oppressed humanity all over the world, which it is our fortune at once to witness and deplore.

Our readers, we trust, will acquit us of all disposition to imitate the illiberality which we decry, by denying the intimate operation of early predisposition. We should be as shallow as our opponents if we did any such thing. We even allow that independent of the different course of their experience and policy, English and French intellect exhibits very different tendencies; but even in those which may be regarded as most distinct from the operation of policy and institution, we are satisfied that they have materially interfered. Thus in respect to morals and sentiment, the general position of France having rendered it so completely and essentially military, has necessarily tinged its social mind with a very different hue from that of England; and nothing would be more easy than to trace the monotony of its imagination to the same source. Its comparative inaptitude for commerce and manufacturing industry is clearly traceable to a similar cause. The *necessity* of a navy implies the pursuit both of the one and the other; France had not that necessity, and hence an immense difference of operation as to final consequences. A long article in no very distant Edinburgh Review, in treating upon the more solid objects of British industry, ingenuity, and science, as compared with those of France, never adverts to the mighty effects produced by this single great necessity, although it is clearly at the bottom of most of this *our* solid superiority. The variety given to intellect by extended commerce is equally proveable, because it is the chief source of variety to society itself; and necessarily modifies the mental powers even of those who have no direct connexion with it. The great body of the people of France were never thus inspiringly acted upon, and hence a sameness of action and pursuit, throughout all its classes, which has prevented a great part of the salutary collision of interest and of opinion, which leads to such grand intellectual results. The greater part of this operation however has little to do with original "social mind," although much with geographical situation, political relations, and positive institution. The scientific inferiority of the French in every other point of view, we exceedingly demur to. In various branches, they have wanted the impetus of a direct object equally with ourselves, and hence they equal us more in abstract than in practical science—in pursuits which depend less upon external stimulus, than accidental inclination. In short, to every thing more than to the "social mind before all institution," to which the difference has been so eruditely and disinterestedly attributed.

That the *Quarterly Review* should indulge in specious, verbose, and wiredrawn articles, in which every sort of finesse, and what is vulgarly but improperly called special pleading is resorted to, in order to lower *one* of the objects of comparison, we can well understand. The real secret consists in the fact, that its patrons are not absolutely satisfied with their own management in the warlike finale; and anticipate, in respect to it, the general derision of after ages, commencing at latest with the very next generation. We shrewdly suspect, indeed, with the present. But that the *Edinburgh Review* should wander into a similar coarse and illiberal track, is what we cannot so well understand. Is its jealousy of France of the old sort, or of the new? Is it a remnant of the churlish old English John Bullism; or has it become a convert to

the new philosophical discovery as to the eternal predominancy of "original mind." Neither we trust: to what then do we owe this emulation of illiberal Antigallicism? Has it found out that abuse of France is conducive to sale, and in consequence become anxious in its turn to exhibit a genuine *British* spirit, which, in the modern vocabulary, means a bullying pretension to a monopoly both of qualities and advantages? To what, we ask, do we owe long articles which descend so low as to pair off workhouses and hospitals, without the slightest advertence to the fact, that the more of them which exist, the more miserables there are who require them; unless it be contended, that, in France, people die unrelieved under the casualties of sickness, accident or hunger, a fact which we never heard of. This has proceeded so far, that we have absolutely expected a challenge upon the amount of the poor rates! But the drollest exhibition was formed by the muster of living authors, from the *Magnates* of MURRAY to the *Minims* of FAIRBURN and TEGG, all of whom have been drawn out to compare with those of France. It was singularly ridiculous, and we thought of the early numbers of the Northern Review, with a groan at the contrast. Seriously regarding these two Journals, as the leading ones of the country, we blush at the monstrous figure we must present to the eyes of sensible foreigners, on the supposition, that this sort of expatiation may be deemed so grateful to the English, that it must be elaborately supplied once a quarter, by the journalists who aspire to the honour of their highest approbation.

It must be confessed, that as vulgarly put forth, we Englishmen exhibit a world of pretension which amounts very nearly to a monopoly of every thing which is worth having.

That any one should endeavour to rival us in the fields of mercantile and manufacturing adventure, is clearly a folly; nay, the very attempt is an impertinence. If nations aspire after ships, colonies, and commerce, it is absolute insolence.

No people ought to have a Navy but ourselves.

No people possess wisdom equal to ourselves.

No people possess genius like ourselves.

No people possess the capability of freedom except ourselves.

We might supply various other items, but the last being a *ne plus ultra* as to extravagance, we decline anticlimax, once more to ask what sort of notion of us this gross and revolting absurdity must necessarily engender. Laughter and derision alone, were it pure, undisguised and unsophisticated vanity; but unhappily this is not the case, at least with the flatterers, whatever it may be with the flattered. On the contrary, it is rendered the delusive disguise of all that is most inimical to the growing happiness and freedom of society—a flimsy veil, to aid in concealing from the British people the deformity of a practice, which renders a comparatively free people the hated and inconsistent abettors of general national slavery;—a course which, thanks to a retributive Providence, was never pursued by any people, without ensuring their own. The preposterous doctrine, that there must be an "original mind before all institution" to arrive at an identity of conviction upon matters of fact; and that Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Greeks, Americans—in fact all people who chuse to resist despotism and oppression, must necessarily be for ever unfit to reap the advantages of representative government, is sufficient to draw down upon us the hatred of all mankind, which, as we have said before, the practice of its professors is doing with great rapidity. What, in fact, is our estimation at this moment in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece? and what ought to be their estimation of a people whose principles and practice are so adverse to the political improvement of all the rest of the world. Every traveller informs us of the way in which our foreign policy is regarded all over the Continent; and we are much mistaken, if the course of next year will not exhibit its common mind in a manner much more significant than in the utterance of confidential conversation. We firmly believe the military arrogance of Napoleon never provoked more rooted dislike and antipathy among nations, than the monstrous and hateful inconsistency of the foreign politics of Great Britain, assisted and set off, as they are, by the pharisaical assumption and disgusting perversion of right and wrong of the jesuitical scribes, whose labours have produced the present animadversion. Let us, as Englishmen, treat the unmanly sophistry, which would enlist our self-approbation and vanity in the cause of foreign oppression and despotism, with proper disdain. As a reflective people, let us pursue the lurking and detestable motive, till it stands apparent in its hideous singleness, —a dread lest a reform in the management of other nations should turn our eyes too intensely upon amendment at home. This is the whole secret; and whatever fallacy there may be in the labour, there is none in the stimulus. It will all be ultimately in vain; every thing shews, that the favourable march of society is no longer finally impedible; but that it should be intermediately so, ought to be quite enough to rouse up every lover of his kind to assist in tearing off those most hateful masks, which interested guile and hypocrisy assume to retard the genial progress of political reform and social amelioration.

Q.

N.B. We intended in this article to consider a long historical piece of *Fudge* in the Quarterly Essay which has suggested these strictures,—upon the innate cruelty of the French people, as exhibited in various insurrections, risings, and turbulent movements, during a long course of history. It is however altogether unnecessary, as the first glance shews, that abjectness, misery, the want of good institutions, and a total destitution of rights, as in Ireland and elsewhere, formed the cause of their violence—a species of re-action, on the part of slavery, in fact, like that of the revolution. One thing is, however, curious: the primitive "social mind" of England, it is said, keeps it clear of the cruelty of the *lower orders* of France;—Query, what becomes of the constant assertion, that the *Radicals* of England are anxious to repeat the horrors of the French Revolution?

MODERN CRITICISM.

Sample of Modern Criticism, according to the most approved Model of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews.

"A man must serve his time to every trade,
"Save censure—Critics all are ready made."
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

We have long sat in silent and indignant contemplation of the Gothic taste of our countrymen, more particularly with respect to the drama.—The heap of prejudices with which it is warped—the various predilections and illiberal nationalities which mark its decisions—the jealousy with

which it cherishes the absurdities of antiquity—with which it hoards the rust of barbarism, have excited in us sensations bordering upon disgust. We should still, however, have hushed our angry feelings, nor have attempted to stem the torrent of ignorance, had not the endeavours of our public spirited Managers, to reform the Stage, by gradually softening down the crude productions of the Old School, by excluding all that is harsh and violent, and by judiciously substituting songs in the place of sentences, darkened all that petty virulence which distinguishes weak minds.—In these circumstances, we should forfeit our character, as guardians of the public taste, if we longer remained passive; and, therefore, we are compelled to state, that we hail these salutary changes with unmixed satisfaction; and that we hope to see the day, when Shakspeare will not be tolerated on the Stage, even in his mutilated state—when his plays will be confined to the shelves of collectors, as specimens of the infancy of the drama!

Our philosophy luckily enables us to set wonder at defiance: otherwise we should certainly have been surprised, that after the very able remarks of Voltaire upon the merits of Shakspeare, there should remain any one so obstinately dull as to admire him. The incomparable critic, not content with pointing out the various faults in the plot, action, and language, of our idol's plays, most disinterestedly undertook to translate parts of them into French, in order to shew how incompatible they were with every feeling of correct taste. And he fully succeeded; for, as every Frenchman will bear witness, notwithstanding his endeavours to infuse into these translations some of the spirit of his own genius,—notwithstanding the elegant dress of that polished language, never was there such a heap of dull, cold, vapid inflations.

"It is a singular blessing," says Sterne, "that Nature has formed the mind of man with the same happy backwardness and reluctancy against conviction, which is observed in old dogs—of not learning new tricks." This blessing the English enjoy in a peculiar measure;—they will not be convinced by Voltaire, but set up a cry of "The golden days of Queen Elizabeth." We can very readily conceive that the play of *Henry VIII.* was a favourite with the Maiden Queen, in consequence of the high-flown compliments contained in it; and that *Macbeth* found a protector in James I., both on account of the scene of the piece, and as his Majesty had himself employed his pen against witches and witchcraft. But why these monstrosities should be entailed upon us, who can boast of a Shiel and a Maturin, or, in default of native talent, may have recourse to the *natural, unaffected sentiment, and warm feeling* of the German Theatre, we are at a loss to discover.

A general criticism, however, like general satire, loses half of its effect from a want of application, it may be perhaps advisable to point out some one of *Mr.* Shakspeare's plays. Let us, for instance, take *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*—the piece is tolerably well known—and, from the judicious alterations to which we have already alluded, is somewhat less injurious in its principles than the others, and approaches nearer to the rules of good taste.

It would be insulting our readers to talk of the plot of this comedy: suffice it to say, that it answers exactly to the title of the name—it is "What you Will." We will proceed therefore to the characters:—*Duke Orsino* is represented as a foolish, love-sick prince, who utters a number of fine things in blank verse, which would be still finer if they were intelligible. To this we have no objection; we quarrel not with "walking gentlemen," with all we require is consistency; whereas *Orsino*, after vapouring about his love, and talking of "liver, heart, and brain," during four acts, when he finds his mistress married to another, turns round with perfect *sang froid*, and betroths his pseudo-page with the following milk and water speech—

"Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds."

The character of *Olivia* is throughout so shameless and unnatural, that it really ought not to be exhibited on the stage. It is unnecessary to say more of this Countess, than that, in the midst of a hypocritical affectation of sorrow for a brother's death, she falls desperately in love, at first sight, with a menial; makes the most indecent advances to him; submits to his marked scorn, and finishes her course of infamy by a degrading clandestine marriage! Fie, Mr. Shakspeare!

We now come to *Viola*.—This enterprising young lady is no sooner cast upon the coast of Illyria, than she forms the *very feasible* project of captivating the reigning prince of the country. She is told, indeed, that he is deeply enamoured of another lady; but true courage rises with difficulties. Dr. Johnson has observed upon the *rationality* of this incident; but that, which we consider as the most reprehensible part of *Viola's* conduct, has escaped the learned Doctor's notice—we mean, her appearing in male attire. We never can approve of a female's wearing breeches;—our objections are of a *religious, moral, and political nature*—we need say no more.

As to *Sir Toby Belch*, who is manifestly a favourite with the author, he has always filled us with horror—who, indeed, can help shuddering, when he hears a creature, gifted with reason, utter such language as the following:—"I'll drink to her *as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria.*" Lewdness and profaneness mark his speech—childish buffoonery and gross debauchery, his actions; and, to sum up all, he marries a pert waiting-maid! We would seriously ask, whether conduct so unprincipled, does not demand from poetic justice a more severe punishment than a broken head, and a chance of cuckoldom? Without dwelling upon the improbability of the cheat played upon *Malvolio*, we beg leave to enter our protest against practical jokes, which always betray a lack of real wit. We beg leave, also, to state, upon our own responsibility, and *that* without a fear of contradiction, that the custom of cross gartering was *never known* in Illyria. So much for the author's accuracy! In the character of *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, Dr. Johnson has very properly reprobated the poet, for turning into ridicule the fatuity of an idiot. But he might have carried his censure much further; for, whoever considers the characters of *Sir Andrew* and the *Clown*, with reference to each other, must perceive, that the author, in his delineation of them, makes the most insidious attack upon the *higher, privileged orders of society*. While he paints the *Clown* as a man of wonderful shrewdness and sagacity, and puts sentiments into his mouth which would disgrace a Socrates, or a Seneca, he describes the *Knight* ('as tall a man,' mark you, 'as any in Illyria,'—a man of 'three thousand ducats a year,') as a mere witol! Far be it from us to assert, that Princes, Peers, and Knights, are made of a different mould from Mechanics and Peasants, or that Providence has been more liberal of sense to the former than to the latter; but we must say, that such exaggerated pictures, such strong contrasts as the present, can have been suggested by *nothing else* but that *execrable spirit of levelling*, which has been at all times, more or less, the bane of this country.

The most serious charge, however, which we have to bring against the author, is, that having constituted his *Clown* the wisest personage of his play, he makes him a vehicle for the grossest insinuations against the Clergy, and the most unblushing profaneness and infidelity. Thus Act 4, Scene 2, in putting on the *Parson's gown*, he has the assurance to say—"Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; *and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.*" Again, he says to *Malvolio*, "Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt *hold the opinion of Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam!" Thus preferring the doctrine of a heathen philosopher to the wholesome truths of Christ-

anity! But the following speech far exceeds the other two:—"Fie, thou *dishonest* Satan! I call thee *by the most modest terms*; for I am one of those gentle ones that *will use the devil himself with courtesy*." What! coquet with Satan!! Flirt with the Spirit of Darkness!!! Though, indeed, this should not surprise us; for *Sir Toby*, in another place, says, "'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan." What the game of 'cherry-pit' may be, we know not; but the idea of making a playmate of Beelzebub, causes our very hair to stand on end.

We had intended to have quoted several passages from this play, to prove that the Poetry is as extravagant as the prose is immoral, and as the characters are misconceived; but our limits will confine us to two, which it has been the fashion to admire, and which may therefore be considered fair samples:—

> That strain again; it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breaths upon a bank of violets,
> *Stealing and giving odour.*

This is mere see-saw; a south wind is but a south wind, and can communicate no odour, but such as it has been impregnated with; and as it is just as likely to have past over a soap manufactory as a bed of roses, in its way to the violets, the allusion is, from its uncertainty, nonsensical. The other passage is:—

> She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
> And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat like patience on a monument
> Smiling at grief.

If telling her love would have eased her, her silence is only a proof of her folly. 'The worm i' the bud, to which 'concealment' is compared, must be a caterpillar or a grub—elegant simile! 'She pined in thought,' that is, in idea, in fancy; in other words, she thought she pined. As to the group on the monument, it surpasses our comprehension. It appears that Patience with a green and yellow melancholy, smiles at Grief; we have yet to be informed what there is in grief to excite a smile. Collins makes use of the expression, 'pale melancholy;' but why she should be thrown into a fit of the jaundice, we cannot guess. It is possible, indeed, that the Poet's mind may have been running upon *Malvolio's* yellow stockings.

We have now done with *Twelfth Night*, and shall merely offer, in conclusion, a few words of advice to Messrs. Harris and Elliston. Let them proceed to melodramatize the remaining plays of Shakspeare. We would suggest the propriety of taking *Othello* next; we long to have the speech beginning "Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors" turned into a 'bravura;' we would also recommend a duet in the smothering scene; so that *Desdemona*, and her cadence, might die together. By these, and similar alterations, we shall be gradually weaned from our *silly, childish prejudices*; and our minds becoming sufficiently purified and sublimated, we shall be enabled to appreciate the *attic wit and chaste elegance* of a Theodore Hook and a Larpent; and to relish the *exquisite sentiment* and *high-toned morality* of Mrs. Haller, and of Bertram. G. R.

CITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening, we had the pleasure of hearing a lecture delivered in the lecture-room of this excellent Society (in Dorset-street, Salisbury-square.) The subject was, *Usury*,—the lecturer, Mr. Colls. We were very much struck both with the comprehensive plan and pithy argument of the discourse—two things not often united. An unusual body of information was condensed into a paper, the reading of which did not occupy more than one hour, and all possible objections to the lecturer's positions were stated and answered with a most useful and meritorious candour. Mr. Colls set out with an account of the superstitious or ignorant origin of the laws against Usury, and a description of the legal penalties and moral odium which that necessary species of trade had incurred. He thence proceeded to refute the various pretexts under which mankind have sheltered their absurd and futile attempts to restrict the natural course of money-dealings;—proving by the most cogent reasoning, that the objections urged by the advocates of such attempts, apply with equal or greater force to all other bargains in which folly may be cheated, and extravagance or wild speculation may be encouraged. Without denying a certain alloy of unavoidable abuse, he clearly shewed, that the abuse was certainly not more than human frailty has attached to all kinds of traffic; and that it is as unjust and as pernicious to society, to limit the profits of money (no matter what the risk to the lender or the advantages to the borrower) as it would be to affix a *maximum* to the price of corn or of any other commodity. Having dismissed these flimsy pretences, the Lecturer next attacked something more solid, namely, the *mischiefs* of the Usury Laws. He displayed in a simple and logical form the injustice, the impolicy, the inefficacy, the cruelty, the treachery, and artificial crime, which they so notoriously produce. And he concluded with a smart and sensible piece of advice to those who are ever ready to raise the ignorant cry of "innovation" against all who conscientiously attempt to expose and correct the long-established prejudices of mankind.

It is a little curious to reflect, how very blind and general the concurrence of the world has been in the prejudices concerning Usury—prejudices so opposed to the interests and so thwarting to the wants of society, and almost unsupported besides (except in relation to superstition) by the passions of men. Lord Bacon was the first writer who directed attention to the great advantages of Usury, and ventured to speak dispassionately of usurers. His Essay on the subject does him great honour, though the prejudices of the age prevented his pushing to its proper extent the principle he had partly discovered. The question was nevertheless singularly neglected, till the illustrious Jeremy Bentham took it up in 1789; and in a tract entitled "*A Defence of Usury*," put to rest for ever both the moral and political question. That venerable Legislator handles all *such subjects* with so perfect a mastery, so extraordinary a grasp of mind, that other writers can very rarely do more than simply follow in the same track, content to be original only in style and occasional illustration. Mr. Colls did not fail to acknowledge in the amplest manner his obligations to that great writer, to whose excellence he paid a grateful tribute. Still the present *composition* was his own; and for that we are anxious to render "honour due" to the young and intelligent lecturer. We should not omit to mention that Mr. Colls' delivery was appropriate and distinct; and that he met with a flattering reception from a numerous and sensible auditory.

We gladly take this opportunity of introducing to the notice of our readers the "City Philosophical Society,"—an association formed on the basis of mutual improvement in all subjects connected with science and philosophy at large. It consists of a considerable number of respectable persons (chiefly young gentlemen) who meet once a week, and lectures are delivered once a fortnight by the members in rotation. A trifling subscription and a few light fines supply the means of purchasing books, scientific instruments, &c., and the society is in some manner connected with the chemical lectures of Mr. Tatum, a gentleman who has earned a well-merited reputation by dint of great industry and unassisted talent.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

This *Gazette* announces this day, that Parliament is to meet for the despatch of business on that day sennight, the 4th of February.—The same official publication also presents us with the new appointments. The Duke of Montrose is transplanted,

from the Mastership of the Horse to the Lord Chamberlainship; and the space which he has left vacant is to be filled up by the Duke of Dorset, now Master of the Horse. Lord Cholmondeley having resigned the Lord Stewardship of the Household, that situation is to be occupied by Marquis Conyngham. The Duke of Dorset, Lord Conyngham, and Mr. Goulburn, have been sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council; and the Marquis Wellesley is named Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

BANKRUPTS.

T. Evans, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, innkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square.

J. Rendall, Bridport, painter. Attorney, Mr. Allen, Clifford's-inn.

J. Townsend, Honiton, and G. Brooke, Whimple, Devonshire, bankers. Attorney, Mr. Luxmore, Red Lion-square, Holborn.

W. Edwards, Chatham, linen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Rippon, Great Surrey-street.

C. G. Kerwood, John-street, West, Marylebone, printer. Attornies, Messrs. Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane.

S. Aydon and W. Elwell, Shelf iron-works, Yorkshire, ironmasters. Attorney, Mr. Walker, Exchequer-Office.

W. and N. Baker, Portsea, grocers. Attorney, Mr. Shelton, Sessions-house, London.

H. L. Holland, Coventry, builder. Attorney, Mr. Alexander, Carey-street, Chancery-lane.

R. Wilis, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tobacconist. Attorney, Mr. Cobb, Clement's-inn.

E. Tippetts and E. Gethen, Basinghall-street, factors. Attornies, Messrs. Pullen and Son, Fore-street.

J. L. Garrick, Mitcham, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Grimaldi and Stables, Copthall-court.

R. Haviland, Cirencester, rectifier. Attorney, Mr. Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

S. Todd, Southampton, mercer. Attorney, Mr. Browne, New Furnival's-inn.

J. M. Fuller, Worthing, linen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Jones, Size-lane.

J. Calvert, Tavistock-hotel, Covent-garden, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Lavie and Oliverson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

T. Figes, Romsey, Southampton, common-brewer.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Beale, Newbury, Berkshire, timber-dealer.
E. Kay, Sheffield, merchant.
F. Potter, Manchester, publican.
J. Chamberlain, Bristol, merchant.
W. Durrant, Castle-street, Finsbury, tailor.
J. Browne, Canterbury, linen-draper.
H. Hatfield, Abingdon-row, Goswell-street-road, merchant.
H. Eastwood, Eastwood, Yorkshire, fustian-manufacturer.
R. James, Conderton, Worcestershire, dealer in horses.
J. Moore, Sowerby, Yorkshire, woollen-cloth-manufacturer.
J. and G. Bell, Berwick-upon-Tweed, coopers.
H. Smith, St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper.
J. Brander and J. Barclay, Size-lane, merchants.
W. Cleaver, Church-lane, Chelsea, grocer.

FUNDS.—The Consols of course remain shut, and the fluctuation for the opening during the week have been very trifling, although on Friday and yesterday they exhibit, as quoted, an improvement of nearly ½ per cent. Exchequer Bills bear a premium of from two to three shillings. It is said that the disposition to speculate in the Foreign Funds has much abated, in consequence, no doubt, of the extreme probability of Russian and Turkish hostilities in the spring, and the consequences which may be expected to follow them. The French five per cents. seem to be slowly recovering their late check; the latest accounts state them at 87 fr. 80 c. The latest quotation in relation to our foreign Funds yesterday was—

Poor Cent. Red.	76½	Cons. for Acc.	78¼

We return our thanks to the Correspondent who sent us the American Extracts: he may see that we have availed ourselves of his kindness.

T. G. is informed, that the arrangement respecting which he inquires is not yet settled in any respect—a sufficient reason, in our judgment, for the non-appearance of any announcement respecting it. We do not hold ourselves bound to take notice of all reports on the subject in question, nor do we think it fair to be attacked, upon the strength of a report, with so much elaborate imputation. If T. G. wishes to know further, he may make personal inquiries of us.

THE EXAMINER.

London, December 16.

A debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the 8th instant supplies the only materials we possess for forming an idea of the state of the dispute between the French Court and Parliament. On that occasion M. de Serre, Keeper of the Seals, in answer to a bitter attack from the Ultra side, said, that *one* vote did not prove the determined hostility of the Chamber to the existing Administration; that even if the Ministers had lost the confidence of the Chamber,—while they possessed that of the Monarch, it did not follow that they must be displaced; and that a *new system* must be formed, in which the King would be assured of a majority in the Legislature. In this declaration, M. de Serre is supposed by some to hint at a dissolution, while others think it possible that a despotic alteration of the Constitution is held out as a threat to the new party coalition. At any rate, it appears certain, that the French rulers (who, like our own, are mere men of expedients, with no system or principle) are resolved not to give up their places for a point of honour or dignity, but to wait for any thing that may "turn up." They probably rely on a rupture between the now coalesced Liberals and Ultras. We trust they will be disappointed; and are encouraged in this expectation by a speech of M. Chauvelin on the same occasion, when, in explaining the views of the Liberal side, that gentleman stated, that their object in uniting with their ordinary opponents, was the destruction of the unprincipled and vacillating *centre* (the ministerial trimmers.) There were, he observed, two great parties in the Chamber, who represented, though very disproportionately, two parties in the nation; and the government should be compelled to attach itself to one or the other, instead of eternally trifling with both. The Liberals, he very justly remarked, could have none but patriotic motives in taking this part, since in no event could they reasonably expect power themselves. The two *projets de loi* against the press, so audaciously introduced by the Ministers just after their late signal defeat, are referred to Committees; and their fate will be shortly made known.

Without supplying any decisive fact in regard to the intentions of Russia, the foreign papers inform us of various circumstances strongly significant. The warlike preparation on the Turkish frontiers continues in all respects; and the *ultimatum* of Alexander is now said to be the occupation of Walachia and Moldavia, and of some fortresses in the *Morea*. By this latter item, the Autocrat would seem to keep a very watchful eye upon the Greeks, and to be providing in good time for the contingency of resistance from that fine people, when once free, to his long-headed designs of conquest. We should mention too the assertion, that his Imperial Majesty has intimated to the Porte the necessity of "stronger measures" in case his "pacific demands" are not forthwith acceded to. In other respects, the plot also thickens: the Persian invaders (now said to be 150,000 strong) are stated to have taken Bagdad, and to be employed in the siege of Kars and Erzerum, the only two remaining defences of the Ottoman Empire on that side. The Wechabites are likewise in active hostility, whether prompted by Alexander, or in the hope of getting some fragments of the anticipated Turkish ruin, it is hard to say. The coincidence in these simultaneous assaults upon the Sublime Porte, must be allowed to be a little suspicious. We

however are well pleased with *this* "working of events;" for the Turks are very barbarous lords of the soil, whose expulsion from Europe by any means would be much for the better; and the Greeks must greatly profit meanwhile by the unprecedented dilemma of their ferocious oppressors.

The Ionian Islands are in a state of very natural disturbance; and Cerigo, in particular, is said to be in open insurrection. Sir THOMAS MAITLAND (who, we understand, bears a nickname throughout Italy, very expressive of the spirit he is now manifesting) has issued another Proclamation, in which he denounces as *rebels*, and threatens with the penalties of rebellion, all the islanders who may communicate with either belligerent party in the Greek war! This is British "protection" with a vengeance—protection against the best impulses of humanity and love of country. Could Sir T. MAITLAND with all the LAUDERDALE effrontery, pretend, that the Greek Islanders would not at the very first have rushed eagerly to the succour of their struggling countrymen on the continent? The British Government, in giving these islands a "Constitution" which leaves all the power in the hands of the English Commissioner, might at least, for the sake of completing the farce, have left the islanders to their own desires on an occasion when they were so manifest; but by their present scandalous and selfish conduct, they have let all the world see, that they are determined to treat the Ionian Islands, with all their distinct natural feelings and interests, as a mere colony of Great Britain,—as a further means of supplying the cravings of corruption in regard to place and patronage.

Letters were received yesterday morning, which state that the most active preparations are making to fortify Constantinople.

Insurrection is spreading rapidly through the Ionian Islands. The *Constitutionnel* gives another Proclamation of Martial Law in the Island of Cerigo, the inhabitants of which are charged with having entered into a league with their countrymen, and killed a number of Turks. If the reports alluded to in the same Journal are to be credited, the position of our soldiers is, in various places, extremely critical.

THE WRONGS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.—The following passage, recommending an every-day reference to the bloody work of *Peterloo*, and the most savage laws of the Boroughmongers, is extracted from Mr. Cobbett's *Register* of the 8th instant, and is written in the very best spirit, and with his accustomed power of style. We most cordially second his excellent advice:—"It is now four years since the *power-of-imprisonment* Act was passed, and nearly two years since the passing of *Six-Acts*. These two things and the *Manchester-Affair* we are always to keep in view. I mean literally in view; that is to say, we ought to have a short, very short, history of them written in our own, or our children's hand-writing, and stuck up over our fire-places; so that no one day may pass over our heads without our thinking of them. This short history ought to be worked by girls in their samplers; it should form a *piece* for boys to write at breaking up school; it should (as it is in mine) be written in the blank leaves of all *family bibles*, as we write there the date of the birth of our children. Those who purchase *Almanacks* ought to write, opposite the days of their passing, "*Power-of-imprisonment Act; Banishment Act*; and so on. "A Companion to the Almanack" would, by-the-by, be a very useful thing, just at this time. But, above all things, let us bear the above three deeds constantly in mind; and, if we give a preference to either, let it be to this ever-memorable fact: that, in the year 1819, the Parliament passed an Act to authorize the punishing *with banishment for life* any man that should write, or publish, any thing TENDING *to bring either House of Parliament into* CONTEMPT."

The Grenville party, we are assured, have accepted office. Mr. Charles W. Wynn, we understand, is appointed President of the Board of Controul, with a seat in the Cabinet.—*Globe.*

A tiara has been presented to Miss M. Tree by Messrs. Reynolds and Bishop, the alterer and composer of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as a compliment for her performance of *Julia*; it is said to be similar in shape and splendour to the tiarra sent by the proprietors of Covent Garden, five years ago, to Miss O'Neil.

At a dinner given at Hereford to Mr. Hume, he was presented with a splendid Silver Tankard, and a hogshead of Cyder, as a testimony of the approbation in which his public conduct is held by the inhabitants of Hertfordshire. After dinner, Messrs. Clive, Hume, Ricardo, and Barratt, and Sir H. Jones, addressed the company, making many sound and spirited remarks on the present state of affairs. A substantial Reform in Parliament was declared to be the only mode of securing good government, to which object all their energies should therefore now be directed.

The Rev. Thomas Vialls, of Twickenham, (not the Vicar) it will be seen, has been cutting a strange figure as a prosecutor at the Middlesex Sessions. It would be curious to hear this orthodox minister, the next time he addresses his congregation on the subjects of charity and justice, so strangely exemplified in his own conduct.—"The Church," they say, "is in danger." Seeing what we see, can that surprize any reflecting person?

Some time back an independent provincial journal, the *Buckinghamshire Chronicle*, inserted a statement respecting the enthusiastic and honourable way in which the Yeomanry of that county greeted the late Queen, when she passed through Hyde-Park. The Marquis of Buckingham took mighty offence at this, and was hardy enough to pronounce it false, though there was abundant evidence of its truth. But this was not all: the journal vindicated its own character in a very spirited manner, and the little-minded lord wreaked his aristocratic vengeance by getting a resolution passed at the Sessions to withhold the *County Advertisements* (Oh most noble and just revenge!) from the *Bucks Chronicle*. *All* the Magistrates however were not disposed to acquiesce in so paltry a piece of malice, and so scandalous a principle; and accordingly a Protest against it has appeared, signed by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Nugent, Mr. Coke, and several other persons of importance, who wish to rescue the Press of the country from such a barefaced attempt against its independence. "We cannot divest ourselves of the conviction," say they, "that in the choice of those journals, which ought to contain the Advertisements relative to the public business of the county, one consideration alone should present itself—How best to select those papers, the circulation of which within the county is likely to afford the greatest publicity." We are astonished, observes the *Morning-Chronicle*, how any man or set of men should dare to act on any other principle than this. What would the Marquis of Buckingham, for instance, think of a Steward, who, having instructions to dispose of an estate for his Lordship, should think fit to advertise the sale of it in a paper of no circulation, in preference to one of a large circulation? Would he consider it as a good excuse for such conduct, that the Steward disliked the principles of the one and approved of the principles of the other? If not, why should he wish to apply another rule to the management of the affairs of the public?—If this check had not been given to his Lordship, his example might have been contagious. In every county we should in due time have Newspapers supported by the reward received for their subserviency, like the Castle Press of Dublin; which, without circulation, subsists altogether on Government advertisements and proclamations.

Grouse shooting expired on Monday, the 10th inst. The public are not generally aware, that after that day, they are liable to be prosecuted for having game of that kind in their possession.

The Irish peasantry proceed with their war measure, for such they may be called, as systematically as ever. There appears a list of no less then 18 separate outrages in *Faulkener's Dublin Journal* of Monday, besides additional ones in other papers. It is curious to see the diversity of modes in which the attack is carried on against the administration of justice. Witnesses have been often murdered, and jurors intimidated from appearing, or punished for the verdicts they brought in; but in these accounts we remark an instance of notices being posted up, announcing to those who had been summoned to attend as jurors only, at the Manor Court of Lord Glengall, that they should *first make their wills*. An intimation is generally given that the clergy are to reduce their tithes. Rents and taxes have been already denounced as grievances; and thus, from the direction which the animosity of the multitude has taken, we must infer that a great part at least of the disturbances have their origin in a sense of severe suffering and privation.

Our readers must have some time ago seen, in an article which we extracted from the *Constitutionnel*, that Sir Thomas Gordon, an Englishman, had been made commander of Tripolizza, the capital of the Morea, which had fallen into the hands of the Greeks. We have made inquiries respecting this gentleman, and have learned the following particulars, which we believe may be relied on:—Mr. Gordon (not Sir Thomas, unless he has been invested with some foreign Order of Knighthood) is a Scotch gentleman of fortune, and was formerly an Officer in that distinguished regiment the Scotch Greys. He is a man of great zeal and personal bravery, and of very considerable acquirements. He travelled much, some years ago, in Greece, where he acquired a knowledge of the country and of the language, which he speaks with perfect fluency. While in Turkey he married an Armenian lady. On the breaking out of the war between Russia and Napoleon, he entered the Russian service as a volunteer, and served during the famous Russian campaign, being attached to one of the Commanders as an Aide-de-camp. He afterwards retired to Scotland, where he remained till the present year. On the breaking out of the war in Greece, in the fate of which country he naturally took the warmest interest, he quitted his estate, and taking a large sum of money with him, (it is said 20,000*l.*) went to Marseilles, where he purchased a vessel, freighted it with arms and ammunition, and proceeded to the Morea. He is high in the confidence of the local government, is at the head of Ypsilanti's staff, and is, as we have already stated, Commandant of Tripolizza.—We are gratified in learning these facts, not only for the credit of our country, but because the presence of such a gentleman in the Morea, enjoying the high credit which he deserves, must afford the means of communication with Greece to *other* natives of this kingdom, and may, perhaps, have a beneficial effect upon the settlement of the government.—*Traveller.*

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.—(YESTERDAY.)

CRIM. CON.—WRIGHT *v.* WRIGHT.

Mr. SCARLETT stated the case to the Jury. This was an action brought by Mr. William Wright, a Tavern-keeper, in Ratcliffe Highway, against Mr. John Wright, Linen Draper and Bombazine Merchant, at Norwich, for a criminal intercourse with the plaintiff's wife. The parties were first cousins, highly respectable in their several stations in life, and in affluent circumstances. They were on terms of intimacy, and the defendant, when he came to London, was in the constant habit of visiting the plaintiff, though he did not sleep at his house, except on the occasion in question. The defendant arrived in town in the early part of March last (up to which time nothing improper characterized his conduct) and, as usual, he called on the plaintiff. He remained in town three days; on the second day he intimated to Mr. William Wright a desire to sleep in his house. To this the plaintiff expressed some disinclination; but on the defendant's pressing it, he waved his objection. In the afternoon, the plaintiff, his wife, (a young woman of handsome person, and interesting appearance,) and the defendant, dined together; after which they sat over their wine for a considerable time: about eight o'clock, Mr. John Wright (the defendant) suddenly proposed to his friend to adjourn to the Theatre, but did not invite the lady to accompany them, for reasons which appear in the sequel. Mr. William Wright suggested the lateness of the hour, but the defendant would not listen to any excuse, and desired a coach might be sent for; and they accordingly went. Soon after their arrival at the Theatre, the defendant contrived on some pretence to leave his companion, with a promise of a speedy return. This, however, was very remote from his intentions; for he returned to Ratcliffe-highway; was admitted by the lady as though by previous consent; and in the parlour the circumstances took place which Mr. Scarlett intended to prove by witnesses. The plaintiff did not discover this *ruse de guerre*: he remained for a considerable time at the Theatre, confidently waiting his friend's return. A long while having elapsed, his suspicions were awakened, and he returned home. On his arrival, the lady herself answered the door, and dissipated his doubts. The facts were stated to him, however, some time after by a servant, who would be called.

Sarah Hubbard knew the plaintiff and his wife; was at their marriage. Her maiden name was Hubbard. She had been some time with them, and they lived very happily together. Mrs. W. was a handsome woman, and had two young children by the plaintiff. She served occasionally behind the bar. She always acted with the utmost propriety, both as a mother and a wife. [A document of the marriage was here put in, it was dated 21st July, 1812.]

Harriet Banks was a servant-of-all-work to the plaintiff; she entered into his service on the 12th of April, last year; and first saw the defendant in March, 1821. On the first day of his visit he supped with her master; on the second he dined with him; after which they went to the play. When they had departed, her mistress gave witness instructions to make up a bed for Mr. John Wright, as he would return and sleep there. In about an hour after, she saw Mrs. Wright and the defendant in the kitchen; they were standing together, and he had his hand round her neck and on her bosom. When he saw witness he instantly took it away, and they both left the kitchen and went into the parlour, which is on the same floor, with a door opening both into the kitchen and the bar. When witness first saw them together in the kitchen, the front of her mistress's gown was open. About ten o'clock witness went into the parlour, and found the gentleman with his hand on her mistress's bosom. When they observed her, they seemed much confused. She went into the kitchen and remarked to another servant what she had seen, when they both heard a noise, which proceeded from the parlour, divided from the kitchen by a lath and plaster partition. In about ten minutes after, Mrs. Wright went into the yard in a hurried manner, at the moment her master arrived and rung at the bell. She followed her mistress and pinned up her gown, and otherwise arranged her dress and cap. Mrs. Wright then opened the door to her husband and went with him into the parlour. He asked if she had seen any thing of his cousin, saying he had lost him on his arrival at the theatre. Mrs. W. answered that he had been in bed some time. Mr. John Wright slept there on that and the following night. The plaintiff behaved kindly to the lady, who was young, and a fine woman. Witness was also on very good terms with her mistress. She mentioned this affair to her master.

Jane Chiffery was also a servant in the family of the plaintiff. She deposed, that on the night in question, after the defendant's return from the theatre, he remained with her mistress in the parlour for upwards of an hour without a light; that wishing to speak with Mrs. W., witness knocked at the door, but was not answered until she had

remained there a considerable time. Her mistress at length came through the passage entrance, and seemed much agitated; the front of her dress was open, and on the whole greatly disordered. She returned into the parlour. Up to this time Mr. and Mrs. Wright lived happily together; but there was subsequently an evident alteration.

Thomas Wiggins was a cellar-man in the plaintiff's service: hearing a noise in the parlour, he went and listened. He found the door in the parlour which led into the bar partly open. [This witness stated to the Court that which left no doubt of the criminality of the defendant.] About ten days or a fortnight afterwards, he mentioned what he had seen to his master, who made no reply; but in a short time his mistress left the house.

Mr. Gurney addressed the Court for the defendant.

The Chief Justice said, the question for the consideration of the Jury was, whether, on the evidence before them, they believed the criminal intercourse had taken place. The defendant's proposal to go to the theatre, his prevailing on his friend to accompany him, his sudden disappearance from thence and return to the lady, certainly had the appearance of a preconceived design to take advantage of the husband's absence. Though the evidence given by the female servant as to his remaining in the parlour, his conduct towards the lady, with the disorder of her dress, did not prove that an actual criminal intercourse had taken place; it distinctly proved that much improper familiarity had been indulged in. The person named Wiggins was the only witness who had given evidence as to the actual criminality. It appeared that this was not communicated to the plaintiff until some days after the affair had taken place. His Lordship had generally remarked that in cases of this kind delay had taken place, as from the circumstances it required generally some time and consideration for witnesses to make up their minds. It was his opinion that criminal conversation had been established. It was, however, for the Jury to decide, if any, what moderate damages the plaintiff was entitled to; they ought certainly to be moderate, as there was not the least pretence that the lady was seduced.

The Jury consulted for a few minutes, and found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 100*l.* costs 40*s.*

WINSTON *v.* GLOSSOP.

This was an action brought by Mr. Winston, acting manager of Drury-lane Theatre against Mr. Glossop, proprietor of the Cobourg Theatre, for an assault committed on the plaintiff. As the circumstances attending this case have been already before the public, we deem it unnecessary to repeat them here, nothing fresh having occurred during the trial. The Jury, after a little consideration, found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 150*l.* costs 40*s.*

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 461.

DRURY-LANE.

Rowe's Tragedy of Jane Shore was represented at this house on Friday evening for the purpose of introducing a young lady of the name of Edmondstone in the character of the *Heroine*. We are aware of nothing more refreshing to us critics under circumstances like the present, than the power of making duty agree with inclination. Without the adoption of any of those round superlatives which on these occasions are sometimes usual on the part of injudicious friendship, or observation, we are enabled to describe the *debutante* of Friday evening as very likely to prove an acquisition of some importance to the theatrical world. It is seldom our lot to witness a first performance more indicative both of capability and judgment. Miss Edmonstone is rather beyond the middle size, slender, but elegantly proportioned. To our eyes (we were at a considerable distance) her features appeared handsome; they are certainly intelligent, and what it is so unusual to meet with on first appearances, her action was graceful and unembarrassed, both when speaking and silent. So much so indeed, that some of our contemporaries affect to doubt this being a first appearance on *any* stage. If the doubt prove unfounded, the expression of it will only be the more honourable to Miss Edmonstone.

The play of *Jane Shore* is to us a tasteless, turgid, and unnatural production; and so it was even regarded in its own day by the first-rate criticism of the period. Rowe's profession of imitating Shakespeare was ridiculed in *Shadwell's Lucius*, and deservedly so, for it would be difficult to exhibit any thing more unlike Shakespeare than the stilted manner of Rowe, which is essentially declamatory and oratorical. In *Jane Shore* possibly, the *Heroine* herself is least so; but the character partakes quite enough of the radical vice of the author to render it an injudicious test for native talent. Commencing in mild and sentimental penitence, which is to be uttered in plaintive accent, it affords only one scene of a nature to call forth the higher energies of personation, unless we class the bodily suffering to be pourtrayed in the fifth act as of that description, which we cannot prevail upon ourselves to do. It is possibly the uninspiring character of the opening scenes that has led to the strongest expression of disapprobation the performance of this young lady has received—for instance, a low and somewhat inarticulate delivery of the level recitation. At first, we thought this defect proceeded from physical inability, as in more than one of the late instances; but we soon discovered that such was not the case; and from the spirited manner in which the scene with the *Protector* was represented, it was quite evident that compass of voice was not wanting. It was really fine, and most animated acting. Some of our brethren say a little too warm, but upon reflection we think they will discover this fault to belong to the Author. There is a structure of verse, and a pompous flow of diction, which admit of no middle tone of delivery, and such appeared to us to be the case in the present instance. This scene convinced us that the defects apparent in the earlier part of the play, consisted more in agitation and inexperience, as to the necessary compass for the house, than to more radical causes; and we think repetition will prove it so. It only remains for us to observe upon the enactment of that final scene which is so disgustingly tristful, in the representation of the last stage of grief and inanition, that the fault of Miss Edmonstone, according to certain critics, was too much nature; by which we presume they mean that the misery was too elaborate; for if death by grief and hunger is to be represented, we suppose it follows that it must be accompanied by all its sad and appalling circumstances. The scene with *Alicia* was peculiarly fine and well conceived. Upon the whole, the commencement of this young Lady is highly promising. Conception and judgment she clearly possesses in no mean degree; and while we have hinted at deficiencies and redundancies, we are every way disposed to think that most of them are to be supplied and conquered. The recantion was unequivocal, and peculiarly divested of that offensive zeal on the part of evident friendship, which has become such a nuisance to the audience, and so injurious to the candidates themselves. Miss Edmonstone is to repeat the part of *Jane Shore* on Monday; for our own part we shall wait with some impatience to see her in something more adapted to the exhibition of general talent.

Besides Miss Edmonstone, the Dramatis Personæ of this very middling tragedy received the new cast also of Kean in *Hastings*, Cooper in *Gloster*, and Mrs. Egerton in *Alicia*. Of the first we will say little—we do not think in the whole compass of the tragic drama a part could be found less naturally adapted to the utmost excellence of Kean. *Lord Hastings* is a hero and a courtier, perfectly and altogether French, who says fine and gallant things in sounding and tuneful verse, which admits of little or no transition and abrupt appeal to nature, which Kean makes his chief excellence. If not delivered *ore rotundo* in the style

of old Pope QUIN, it is nothing; and then even any thing but natural. His best scene was the quarrel with *Alicia*, being the only one in which the Poet steps down into a little natural satire and feeling. COOPER's *Glo'ster* was passable. KEAN and he should have changed places. Mrs. EGERTON performed *Alicia* respectably. POPE's *Shore* not amiss, in the encounter with *Hastings*, especially; but too boisterous in the sequel, as usual. Upon the whole, the play was well got up; but we apprehend that nothing at this time can secure a frequent performance of *Jane Shore*. Q.

LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Question of Population. * * * being a detection of the gross blunders and absurdities of the Edinburgh Review of Mr. Godwin's Enquiry concerning Population.*

Augescunt aliæ gentes, aliæ minuuntur.—LUCR.

THIS is a very excellent and most seasonable publication. Upon the appearance of the last Edinburgh Review, the friends of Mr. Malthus were hugging themselves in the notion, that the weighty blow of Mr. Godwin was at least *deadened* in its effect by the interposition of the Reviewer's compound of sophistry, misrepresentation, and petty recrimination. Mr. Godwin's book contained some errors and some extraneous matter—what book of that size is free from such alloy?—and the Reviewer, besides endeavouring to mistify many important arguments by large quotation of doubtful authorities, and *totally omitting to notice others*, did not fail to set them forth in the most elaborate manner, and with every contemptuous and sneering commentary. The writer of the pamphlet before us has, however, unravelled the Reviewer's sophistry, detected his misrepresentation, and exposed the paltriness of his triumph over "small flaws," and his overlooking of "general excellence." With perfect candour, he has admitted and corrected the mistakes of Mr. Godwin and Mr. Booth; and with an exceeding discrimination, has shewn how little they affect the more important facts and conclusions in the work. Not confining himself however to the mere controversy, he has brought a considerable portion of fresh matter to the fund of reasoning against the Ratios; and has greatly aided the good cause by several capital illustrations of his own.

What makes the pamphlet infinitely more valuable (for "large discourses," as Lord Bacon has it, "are flat things, and not so much noted") is, that all we have described is done in the compass of 50 pages. This is mainly owing to the style of writing, which is terse and pungent, and decidedly (to our liking) the best we have seen employed on a subject involving so much minute disputation. Its spirit and liveliness amuse and relieve the reader, without interfering in the remotest degree with the grave discussion. The arrangement is really admirable—a rare specimen of the "*lucidus ordo*." The Author has certainly studied Mr. Bentham's writings with advantage, having happily acquired much of the extraordinary *method* of his model, without falling into the involvement and too literal construction of ideas apparent in the latter works of the venerable Jurist. His imagination has saved him from this fault.

We shall conclude with one remark:—Some readers may think this author somewhat savage upon the writer in the Review; to such we would remark, that the latter has provoked just indignation by his unfairness and ridiculous affectation of contempt for Mr. Godwin;* and that the pamphlet-writer (as we happen to know) is a young patriot, enthusiastic in behalf of the human species, and proportionately indignant at the soul-stifling doctrines of Malthus. There is a fine burst of feeling at the conclusion of his work, that would excuse ten times as much "good hating" as he has displayed in the course of it.

* He calls the Enquiry a "*most old-womanish performance*," and frequently talks of the "nonsense," &c. of that powerful writer.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVED VIEWS OF THE COLOSSEUM.

THE combination of natural and acquired energies of feeling and taste requisite for the production of a first rate Engraver, at once accounts for the paucity of a high chalcographic talent. Of the numerous Engravers now in Europe, and of the thousands whose names are affixed to prints from the works of the Painters who have lived subsequently to the revival of their Art at Florence by CIMABUE, in the middle of the 13th century, but a comparatively small minority have been inspired by that Art or that greater Nature they have assumed to imitate. They have scarcely exceeded in number the distinguished professors of Painting; so that Prints of a very high character, partaking much of the value of good Paintings, are among the precious in Art, and we preserve with almost a miser's, or rather a lover's care, the works, we had almost said, the wonders of FIQUET, containing as they do all that can be wished for in Miniature Prints; the delicious tones and carnations of AUDRAN and STRANGE; the sweeping lines, the bold and Rubenesque works of PONTIUS and EDELINK; the nature-wrought subjects of NETCHER; the magnificent structures of PIRANESI; the beautiful tooling, the mellow and efficient effects in landscape of WOOLLET. But of the particular classes of Engraving, Architecture has the fewest who have felt its dignity and beauty. In this PIRANESI, a Roman of the last century, stands at the head of all foreign Engravers for the knowledge and true fervour of his conception and execution, in which he felt and inspired so enthusiastic and romantic a pleasure, that in looking at his astonishingly numerous works, we mix our grateful praises of his assiduity and ready genius with the eulogies we largely bestow upon the sublime genius of ancient times, that planned and raised the "monuments of fame" with which his works render us so happily intimate. Our country has its full share of the honour of Architectural Engraving, and the works of ROOKER in the last reign, and now of Messrs. LANDSEER, LE KEAUX, G. and W. B. COOKE, and ALLEN, &c. will live in the possession of the Art-devoted collector of Engravings. Among these will be admired Messrs. W. B. COOKE's and ALLEN's *Views of the Colosseum*, at least if we may augur of the entire work from the first part just laid before the public. It is in a folio size, and contains three finished Engravings of that noblest of the ancient Roman Amphitheatres, the Arena, the upper and the inner lower Corridor. In the view of the Arena is seen, besides the open space so denominated, considerable portions of the remains of the Amphitheatre surrounding the Arena, called the Gradinata or seats; the Ambulacri or corridors, along which the multitude walked to the seats; the Arcades, which led from without into the Amphitheatre, &c.; the whole rising in dilapidated and mournful magnificence, and to which magnificence the excellent distribution of the chiaro-scuro largely contributes. The light that contrasts to the sombre part of a large cloud, and to the massive as well as the subdivided darks flashing with gloomy brightness on the numerous projecting and abrupt portions of the ruins, shews among the curved, straight, and involved lines, the sad remnant of order and beauty, amidst huge disorder and prostrate grandeur. The quiet devotion of a few bending devotees at a Catholic shrine on the Arena, rather increases than disturbs the still and awful magnificence of the majestic ruins, especially when we recollect that 80,000 spectators, and the ferocious assaults and exulting and dying cries of numerous gladiators and wild beasts, have filled this vast structure during whole centuries with grand but tumultuous and horrid vivacity. The Upper Corridor exhibits a very lengthened archway, in which the divisions and the rough surface of its massive stones, the partial lights from without, which discover its stately seclusion, &c. are of the very essence of the represented scene; as is the Inner Lower Corridor, with its vegetating stones and beautiful arcaded fragments. The

granular boldness of these Engravings, gradating into comparative fineness as the parts recede; the exact perspective in this and in every other respect; the spontaneous and fervid feeling evident in the execution, but regulated by a knowledge of Nature's appearance, and the right mode of expressing them; the classical importance of the objects; the beauties, in fine, that long practised hands, guided by science and a genial imagination, have infused into these venerable scenes, will or ought to ensure to the Engravers—the feasters of public intellect—patronage from the public to the full extent that good impressions from the plates will allow.

R. H.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Monday evening the prizes of the Royal Academy were distributed to the students in the respective classes as follows:—The gold medal, for the best historical picture, to Mr. John Graham; the gold medal to Mr. Frederick Smith, for the best piece of sculpture; the gold medal, for the best architectural design, to Mr. Richard Kelsey; the silver medal, for the best copy from Raphael, to Mr. Andrew Morton; the silver medal, for the best drawing from life, Mr. William Ross; the silver medal, for the next best drawing in the same school, to Mr. William Watts; the silver medal, for the next best drawing in the same school, to Mr. George Foggo; the silver medal, for the best model, to Mr. Charles Smith; the silver medal, for the best architectural drawing, to Mr. Thomas Bradbury; the silver medal, for the next best architectural drawing, to Mr. Robert Osborne; the silver medal, for the best drawing in the Antique Academy, to Mr. Edmond Edmonds; the silver medal, for the next best drawing in the same school, to Mr. Henry Collin. The rewards were given to the successful candidates by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who afterwards delivered an able discourse, in which he congratulated the students in the Life Academy upon having, by their performances this year, retrieved the character of their school from the disgrace which had been cast upon it by the little skill displayed in the drawings which were offered for the prizes last year. He strongly enforced the necessity of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the figure, as the sure ground of excellence in art; and recommended to the student not to commence any picture until he had maturely reflected upon every part of his subject, and as it were drawn in his mind every line which he intended to place upon canvass.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

"——————— So we'll live,
"And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
"At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
"Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
"Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
"And take upon us the mystery of things,
"As if we were God's Spies."——Shakspeare.

Anecdote of Washington.—(From the *Baltimore Morning Chronicle.*)—During the period of President Washington's administration, a man, the friend and the companion of that hero, we believe, throughout the whole course of our revolutionary war, applied for a lucrative and for a very responsible office. The man was at all times welcome to Washington's table—he had been to a certain degree necessary to the domestic repose of a man who had for seven years fought the battles of his country, and who had now undertaken the task of wielding her political destinies. At all times, and all places, Washington regarded his revolutionary associate with an eye of evident partiality and kindness. He was jocular, he was jovial, and he was a pleasant and unobtrusive companion. Being somewhat straightened in his circumstances, he applied to his old friend and benefactor for an appointment to a lucrative office in his gift. He had no doubt of his success, and his friends cheered him on the prospect of his arrival to competency and ease. The opponent of this gentleman was known to be decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington; he had even made himself conspicuous amongst the ranks of opposition to the cardinal policy of our revolutionary hero. He had, however, the temerity to stand as a candidate for the office to which the friend and the favourite of Washington aspired. He had nothing to urge in favour of his pretensions but strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in business, and every quality which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. Every one considered the application of this man hopeless; no glittering testimonial of merit had he to present to the eye of Washington; he was known to be the political enemy of that man: he was opposed by a favourite of the General's, and yet, with such fearful odds, he dared to stand the candidate. What was the sequel of all this? The enemy to Washington was appointed to the office, and his table companion was left destitute and dejected. A mutual friend interested himself on this subject, and ventured to speak to the President, and even to remonstrate on the injustice of his appointment. Let the words of Washington be noted. "My friend I receive with a cordial welcome—he is welcome to my house and welcome to my heart, but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his politics so hostile to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States; as George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power, but as President of the United States I can do nothing."

Mr. Alexander Baring has purchased the noble mansion and domains of the Honourable Mr. Petre, in Norfolk, it is said, for 300,000*l.*

The following alliterative acrostic is as stupid, but somewhat more curious, than such things usually are:—

S he sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
T hat to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
E lysian ecstasies enchant each ear;
P leasure's pure pinions poise prince, peasant, peer;
H ushing high hymns, heaven hears her harmony;
E arth's envy ends: enthrall'd—each ear, each eye;
N umbers need ninefold nerve, nor nearly name,
S oul stirring Stephens' skill! sure seraphs sing the same.

A Paris Paper says, that the famous Baron Bergami still lives at Pesaro; his favourite amusement is the chase; he has thirty dogs of the greatest beauty. He wears a long, thick, black beard; his servants and huntsmen are also bearded like their master.

Westminster Abbey.—The interior of Westminster Abbey, and the venerable monuments which it encloses, are now undergoing a thorough repair. Near a hundred workmen are engaged under the able direction of Mr. Chantrey, and other artists of talent.—The whole of the iron railings which were erected round the various monuments have been removed. They were so much decayed that they gave a most miserable appearance to this otherwise grand mausoleum. There will not be any railings again erected; but persons will always attend visitors, and prevent them from injuring the works. The windows have all been cleaned and repaired, and the different wood-work regilt.

Court Dialogue.—If an Earl is a companion of a King, why should not the companion of a King be an Earl? Although we do not give credit to the person we have in our eye—him we mean who once spoilt the keeper of Newgate's *cool* tankard by inadvertently putting his nose over it when he drank—for so much Saxon knowledge as this antithesis would imply; we may say, that less perspicacity than goes to the disposing of terms, and detecting a sophism like this, is more than enough to inflate the vanity of some courtiers. In exemplification take the following report of an interlocution which is stated to have recently occurred between two *great* men; shall we say of kindred boobies?—that won't do—or of congenial minds? of neither—or both? —This a bi-cuit-baker: that the greatest possessor of biscuit in the empire:—a turtle-fed alderman and a flattery-fed personage. The one ever ready to borrow, the other seldom unwilling to lend—not however in the way indicated in Scripture, by giving to the poor. As even "Hargrave's Conveyancing" cannot instruct us in a safer mode of describing the parties; so we proceed:—"Well, Sir W., I hear you are desirous of changing your Baronetcy for a Barony—is it true?"—"Sir, it is the wish next to my heart."—"Good; but you have no landed estate?"—"My house and grounds at Southgate."—That's not enough to dignify a peerage."—"But I've a 'pretty bit of property' at Leatherhead in Surrey."—"Aye, that will do—you may be Lord Leatherhead, Sir W. whenever you please!"—Doubtless his expectant Lordship will have the next vacant red ribbon.

Raimond Barry.—Our readers may possibly recollect an account given in this paper, some time back, of the discovery of a Brother of the late celebrated Painter, (James Barry) in the condition of a common beggar. When Professor Barry died, it seems this brother was at sea; and the property he left (about 2000*l.*) devolved to his sister, a lady who is said to be now living

in affluence.—At the time when the account we allude to appeared in our paper, some gentlemen connected with the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, (the walls of whose rooms are adorned with the works of the celebrated deceased) had commenced a subscription for Raimond Barry, and it was hoped that he would have been placed out of the reach of want. We regret to learn, however, from a Correspondent, that this expectation has not been realized; that, so far from it, the unfortunate old man has for some time been living the life and enduring the hardships of a common mendicant; that he has been more than once seized by the police officers; has been committed to the House of Correction as a vagrant, where his bed was a scanty portion of straw, on the cold stones, and his food one small loaf per day of a pound weight; and finally, on his liberation, has just been dispatched from the workhouse in St. Giles's, in a pass-cart, on the way to his native country, Ireland, without clothing sufficient to protect him from the weather.—Our Correspondent, (whose letter does him great credit) may not have heard, as we have, that this unfortunate man's habits were of an unfavourable nature, which rendered it somewhat difficult to serve him effectually. At the same time, we rather fear that he may have been too soon abandoned to his fate; for, however repulsive his infirmities, when his many sufferings are considered, his advanced period of life, (supposed 70) his utter inability to help himself, being both blind and deaf, and his very near relationship to a man who had so highly distinguished himself as an historical painter,—we do think that something should have been done to have at least relieved him from the necessity of begging in the streets with his wife for their daily bread. As Hamlet says, our own "honour and dignity," if not the merits of the parties, should be consulted on such occasions; and here, too, there are associations suggested by the recollection of Raimond Barry's deceased Brother, and the delightful art he assisted to raise and to honour, which make one still more lament to hear of his unhappy fortune.—Perhaps this notice of his condition may be of service to him in his native land, where kind hearts, we are quite sure, are not wanting, whatever else may be; and we thank our Correspondent for affording us the chance of being in any way serviceable to the object of his attention.

Edward Alleyn.—Most of our readers may know, that the founder of the College at Dulwich (which now contains a collection of very fine Pictures by the old Masters, bequeathed by Sir Francis Burgdois) was a celebrated player in the Elizabethan age, Edward Alleyn. Fuller describes him as "a youth of an excellent capacity, a chearful temper, a tenacious memory, and a sweet elocution; and in his person of a stately port and aspect." He was a principal actor in the plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; and he amassed a large fortune as an actor and as the proprietor of the Fortune play-house, near Whitecross-street, which he built himself. Superstition induced him to build the College at Dulwich, if the story told by Aubrey be true; which states, "that Mr. Alleyn, playing a demon with six others in one of Shakespeare's plays, he was, in the midst of the play, surprised by an apparition of the Devil; which so worked on his fancy, that he made a vow, which he performed by building Dulwich College."—The building was conducted by Inigo Jones, and finished in 1617, at a cost of ten thousand pounds. That he was no common actor, may be gathered from the following lines addressed to him by Ben Jonson:—

"If Rome so great, and in her virest age
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius and great Æsop,—men
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches then,—
Who had no less a trumpet to their name
Than Cicero, whose very breath was fame;—
How can so great example die in me,
That, Alleyn, I should pause to publish thee?
Who hath their graces in thyself hast more
Outstript, than they did all that went before;
And, present worth, in all dest so contract,
As others spake, but only thou dest act.
Wear this renown! 'tis just that who did give
So many Poets life, by one should live."

The present Rector of St. James's and Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Andrews, who thinks so little of the gratification and health of mere ale-drinkers, seems to possess none of the spirit of his namesake, Lancelot Andrews, an eminent divine and Bishop of Winchester in the reign of James I, of whom the following story is related in the Life of Waller the Poet:—"Waller going to see the King at Dinner, overheard a very extraordinary conversation between his Majesty, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neale, Bishop of Durham. These two Prelates, standing behind the King's chair, his Majesty asked them, 'My Lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?'—The Bishop of Durham readily answered, 'God forbid, Sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.'—Whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester,—'Well, my Lord, what say you?'—'Sir,' replied the Bishop, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.'—The King answered, 'No put-offs, my Lord; answer me presently.'—'Then, Sir,' (said he) 'I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it.'"

It seems at first sight surprising how long a time it takes to make any people proficients in the manufacturing or mechanical arts. One is often disposed to ask, why a Frenchman or a German cannot make a knife or a gun-lock so well as the inhabitants of Birmingham and Sheffield, after so long a rivalry, without there being any secret in the thing? The difference of skill is however sufficiently accounted for by the *start* the English had, the greater consequent encouragement, &c. Manual dexterity is the great requisite in these arts; and in that faculty, each new generation of manufacturers excels the one which preceded it; so that, generally, for several generations, and except any important invention in machinery interferes, a nation which first distinguishes itself in a manufacture, is likely to retain the lead. A pleasant passage in Mr. Hobhouse's delightful *Journey through Albania*, &c. shews how necessary habit is to make even a clever people capable of such things as one might suppose common sense would almost of itself teach them to do. "The Greeks of Joannina,"—says that intelligent Traveller and ardent Patriot,—"are as industrious as any in Turkey; and their embroidery, the art in which they excel, is executed very neatly; but there was no one who could mend an umbrella in the whole place; and only one man, a poor Italian, was capable of making a bedstead!" Joannina contains about 40,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the Pachalic of the ferocious Ali. It is beautifully situate on the banks of a noble lake, and would be a choice subject, we should think, for a Panorama.

THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

On Butler, who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes when first he came to town,
Met every where with welcomes of renown,
Courted and loved by all, with wonder read,
And promises of Princely favour fed!
But what reward for all had he at last?
After a life in dull expectance past,
The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise;
Of all his gains by verse, he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick;
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

Duke of Buckingham.

LAW.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Monday, Dec. 10.

LIBEL ON THE KING.—THE KING v. NATHANIEL HIGHMORE, LL.D.

This was an information filed by his Majesty's Attorney-General, for publishing a libel concerning the King.

The Attorney-General said he felt himself bound to file this information to prevent the repetition of a series of scandalous and indecent libels published by the defendant. The defendant had preferred a Petition to the Throne, complaining of some hardships which he alleged to have been imposed upon him with respect to his professional pursuits, and the result not being conformable to his wishes, he thought proper, in revenge for his disappointment, to address letters to his Majesty's Private Secretary, containing the most scurrilous language concerning his Majesty. On the 9th of May, the defendant himself left a letter at Warwick House, addressed for Sir Benjamin Bloomfield. The envelope being opened, the enclosure was found to be superscribed in the following indecent and offensive language concerning the King:—"*To the most ignorant, lying, and cheating Duke of Cornwall, since become King George the Fourth.*" The contents of the letter accused his Majesty of an unjust abandonment of his engagements, which the writer undertook to prove, by the laws of morality as well as the law of England. The sole object of this prosecution was to prevent the recurrence of this systematic species of annoyance, and it was to be hoped that the result of this day's verdict would have the desired effect.

Sir Benjamin Bloomfield proved that he had received the letter on the 9th of May, and marked it immediately.

Dr. HIGHMORE himself addressed the Jury. He appeared to be an elderly gentleman, of venerable appearance, and of a well cultivated mind. We collected from his statement, that for eleven years he had studied the civil law, and had obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws, with a view to practise in the Ecclesiastical Courts as an advocate. He had applied to the Faculty of Advocates, to be admitted as a practitioner, but the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to admit him, on the ground of his being in Holy Orders. Upon which he applied to this Court for a *Mandamus* to the Corporation to admit him; but this Court, in the time of Lord Ellenborough, thought the application could not be sustained, for the same reason as that assigned by the Archbishop. He then petitioned the King, when Prince Regent, for relief, and praying to be admitted to those rights, to attain which he had expended large sums of money. He received from his Majesty through his authorized agents the most solemn assurances that he should be put into possession of his rights. In the mean time, his Majesty, of his mere grace and favour, ordered him to be paid a temporary pension of 200*l.* out of the revenue of the Dukedom of Cornwall, until he found some other means of sustenance. He complained, that after attending at Carlton-house for upwards of two years in expectation of the relief promised, the pension was withdrawn, and his hopes of redress were disappointed. Towards his Majesty, he professed the most dutiful and loyal attachment, and laboured to shew that the imputed libel did not deserve the character attributed to it in the information.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL shortly replied.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE charged the Jury that no legal defence had been made out, and that it was impossible to suggest a doubt that the information had been fully established.

The Jury found the defendant *Guilty*, but recommended him to mercy, as we understood, on account of his age and infirmities.—Dr. Highmore observed, that it was justice, not mercy, that he required.

Tuesday, Dec. 11.

FOOTE *v.* HOWLEY.

This was an action against an apothecary for words of slander, importing that the plaintiff had murdered his own child. The plaintiff's infant daughter having caught the small-pox, the defendant attended her, but she died; and it was alleged, that because the plaintiff did not suffer the child to swallow as much of his physic as he prescribed, he (the defendant) circulated the slander alleged in the declaration.—On the cross-examination of the first witness, it appeared that the child in question was an illegitimate; upon which Mr. SCARLETT submitted, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited, there being no statement in the declaration that the child was illegitimate, for as the declaration stood, the child was born in wedlock.

The CHIEF JUSTICE thought the objection well taken; and at the same time said, that supposing the declaration free of objection in this particular, the action could not have been sustained, for the question would be in what sense the words were used, and unless used in a felonious sense, they would not do.

As the case went off upon this preliminary objection, the case of the defendant was not heard.—*Nonsuited.*

ALLISON *v.* DUAR.

This was an action of assault and battery. The case was in substance this:—The plaintiff is a bookseller, and the defendant a baker, both carrying on business in New Bond-street. In August last Messrs. Rodwell and Martin had received a present of some grouse from Scotland. They sent the plaintiff a brace, but the moment the latter received them he sent them by his shop assistant to the defendant, with his respects. The young man delivered them at the defendant's shop, with the message. It seemed, however, that the defendant did not take the compliment in the sense intended. The grouse being far advanced in the progress of dissolution, he considered the present as a practical insult, and desired the messenger to say to his master that he could not send back his respects in return. The messenger, however, left the present on the counter, and delivered the answer to his master. In the mean time the defendant, who had been disturbed at his dinner by the intrusion of the unsavoury present, went out in a great passion with it to some of his neighbours, to shew in what manner the plaintiff had treated him. On his return to his shop, he found the plaintiff there, who, as was represented, had gone thither to undeceive the defendant in his supposition that he had intended him any insult. Conceiving that the plaintiff came to add fresh insult to what had happened, he seized a whip which stood in the corner of the shop, and began belaboring the plaintiff most unmercifully.—Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 25*l.*

Wednesday, Dec. 12.

MAY *v.* GWYNNE.

This was an action for libel. The case came from Bethnal-green; the cause of action arose out of circumstances connected with the well-known prosecution of Mr. Mercerson; and the defendant was charged with having published imputations—first, in a printed report of certain vestry proceedings; next, in a printed pamphlet; and last, in a newspaper, reflecting upon the character and conduct of the plaintiff.—After Counsel had been heard, a compromise was offered by the defendant, which the plaintiff acceded to—and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, that Mr. May had certainly behaved very handsomely;—so a verdict was then taken for 50*l.* by consent.

Thursday, Dec. 13.

ELECTION PERJURY.

Messrs. *Knill*, *Edwards*, and *Harris*, Electors of Barnstaple, were all found guilty of perjury before the House of Lords, in matters connected with the infamous borough corruptions of Barnstaple. Knill was found guilty of direct false swearing, as well as of a contradiction to his former evidence; while Edwards and Harris were convicted of the latter offence.

DUKE OF SAN CARLOS—HARMER *v.* FROWDE.

This was an action for malicious prosecution. The defendant had preferred an indictment against the plaintiff and a Mr. Lee, for an alleged conspiracy to extort money from the late Spanish Ambassador.

Mr. GURNEY said, he opened the transaction with some unwillingness, because it involved the conduct of a person of great distinction, that person being a foreigner, and now no longer a resident in this country. Mr. Harmer, in 1818, was applied to by a young woman for professional assistance, accompanied by her father, and the tale which they told was this:—The girl, whose name was Roberts, was earning her livelihood in a reputable house, when a servant of the late Spanish Ambassador, the Duke de San Carlos, sought by various means to induce her from her situation. The man distinctly told her that a great foreign merchant, named Picard, was struck with her, and would, if she would live with him, provide for her handsomely. After much persuasion, the temptation succeeded; the young woman went into lodgings, provided for her, took the name of Mr. Picard, who visited her frequently, and at length discovered that Mr. Picard was the Duke de San Carlos. She became pregnant, and her keeper became tired of her; he employed a person to use means to procure an abortion, and shortly after abandoned his victim altogether. In this dilemma, pregnant, and in a state of complete destitution, Miss Roberts first applied to the plaintiff Mr. Harmer. Mr. Harmer thought that at all events something should be done for her. Under that impression, he called upon Mr. Louis Goldsmith, with whom he knew the Duke de San Carlos to be acquainted, stated the circumstances, and asked his opinion. Mr. Goldsmith said he had no doubt but that the Duke would feel obliged by Mr. Harmer's conduct, and begged that Mr. Harmer, with him, would call upon his Grace immediately. The parties had a conference. The Duke denied having used means to procure abortion; but admitted his keeping the girl, her being with child by him, &c., and requested Mr. Harmer to communicate with his attorney, Mr. Frowde. Mr. Frowde and Mr. Harmer met, but the interview led to nothing satisfactory. Mr. Frowde authorized Mr. Harmer to give the girl *five pounds*; and Mr. Harmer afterwards, seeing her destitute, advanced her 5*l.* more. These advances were made during Miss Roberts's pregnancy, and at a time when various arrangements were proposed—Mr. Frowde wishing that she should go to the workhouse to lie in, her friends refusing to accede to that course, and the girl, but for the money supplied to her, in a situation literally to starve, or to be driven into the streets. The result of the Duke de San Carlos's conduct was not more liberal than its general tenor had been. Mr. Harmer applied for payment of the 10*l.*; Mr. Frowde refused to pay it. The girl applied for further assistance, but Mr. Frowde compelled her to swear the child to the Duke; the Duke was in consequence actually sworn before the parish officers, and the scene which took place on that occasion, Mr. Gurney, as he was not compelled to do it, would not at present state. Being denied reimbursement, Mr. Harmer became angry. He consulted with Mr. Goldsmith, and wrote to the Duke. Shortly after, to his utter astonishment—without intimation even that he had displeased by his proceeding—Mr. Harmer found that the defendant had preferred an indictment against him, in company with a gentleman of the name of Lee. Of Mr. Lee Mr. Harmer had not at that time the slightest knowledge; but it seemed that Mr. Lee, who was a clergyman (having been consulted by Miss Roberts,) had written a letter to the Duke, and their respective interferences on behalf of the same unfortunate woman, was deemed sufficient by Mr. Frowde to join them in a

conspiracy! Mr. Harmer requested that the trial might come on without delay; but delay, not trial, was the object of the affected prosecution; the matter was removed to the Court of King's Bench; and when, at length, it could be kept off no longer, not a little of evidence was adduced, and Mr. Harmer, without a trial, was acquitted. Now the question for the jury was short and simple—Had the indictment, or had it not, been preferred maliciously and without probable cause? That question was one on which twelve men could scarcely entertain a doubt, and Mr. Gurney confidently left it to the Jury to measure the compensation due to the plaintiff.

Mr. Serjeant PEAKE took a formal objection. The name in the indictment was set out, and properly set out, Carvajal; but the plaintiff, in his declaration, now spelt it Carvagal. The variation, the learned Serjeant submitted, must be fatal.

Mr. GURNEY contended that the name would be either way *idem sonans*.

Mr. Sergeant PEAKE denied that fact. The *g* might be soft or hard.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was of opinion against Mr. Gurney.

Mr. GURNEY, after consulting with his client, admitted that he must be nonsuited.

Friday, Dec. 14.

ELECTION PERJURY.

Thomas Drew was found guilty of perjury in giving evidence in the House of Commons respecting the Hedon Election. He had sworn falsely, that Colonel Baillie had promised him 20*l.* for his vote.

DEFEAT OF THE MOCK CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE KING *v.* DOLBY.

This was an indictment for libel, promoted by the Bridge-street Society.

On the special jury being called, three only—William Fisher, John Pattison, and Francis Tatton, answered to their names.

Mr. GURNEY (for the prosecution) then prayed a tales.

Mr. SCARLETT objected. The Sheriff, who returned the common jury, was a Member of the Association, and he could not be permitted to return a jury to try a prosecution of his own. The learned counsel therefore challenged the array.

After some legal discussion, the Chief-Justice appointed two of the special jury, Messrs. Fisher and Tatton, triers; and to them the following issue was put:—Was John Garrat, Esq., or was he not, one of the prosecutors of the present indictment, at the time when he returned the common jury for panel?

For the defendant, witnesses were called to prove that the Sheriff's name was in that list of the prosecuting association, which Secretary Murray furnished to the defendant; and that the Sheriff had on the Guildhall hustings admitted that he *had been* a member.

For the Association, Mr. GURNEY contended that the Sheriff had withdrawn himself from the Association before the panel was returned; and, in proof of this, he proposed to call the Sheriff himself. To this Mr. SCARLETT objected; and a pause of some minutes ensued, while the Judge was "trying to recollect" some case in point. ("O the glorious uncertainty of the law!") At length, the Sheriffs evidence was disallowed, as being "the safer course;" and Mr. GURNEY called

J. B. Sharp, who got into the box.

Mr. SCARLETT.—I mean to object to you too. You are a prosecutor in this case?

Witness.—I apprehend that there can be no doubt of that.

Mr. SCARLETT.—I apprehend, my Lord, that it is the witness's interest to complete that which has been begun by the Sheriff.

Mr. GURNEY said that the point was a good joke; but his learned friend could not be serious.

Mr. SCARLETT was quite serious.

The CHIEF JUSTICE thought that that would be going a little too far. If he did not receive the evidence of Mr. Sharp, he might exclude, upon the same ground, all possible evidence.

Sharp was then examined by Mr. Gurney; and stated, that Sheriff Garratt was a Member of the Association in May and June last, and subscribed five guineas; but that he ceased to be a Member before he was elected Sheriff.

Cross-examined by Mr. SCARLETT.—What are you? I am the Honorary Assistant Secretary. [*A burst of laughter.*]

You do not mean to say that that is your business: I ask you what you are—what is your business?—I mean to say that I hold this situation.

Yes; but what business do you follow?—I am of no business.

Then this is your only business?—I have no business whatever.

You live on your fortune?—I live on means that I possess.

Were you ever in any business?—I was in the Manchester trade.

How long ago?—Two years.

And you have been two years without any business?—Yes.

You say that Mr. Garratt became a member of this Association by subscribing his money?—Yes.

That was the case with a great many people, I believe?—Yes.

Have you returned the Alderman his money?—I am not aware that the money has been returned.

What has become of it? It has gone into the general fund.

Were you treasurer?—No; Mr. Alderman Atkins is.

And what do you mean by Mr. Garratt's having ceased to be a member?—He did cease.

The CHIEF JUSTICE.—What act did he do?—He addressed a letter to me as secretary.

Have you the letter?—No, it is at home.

Mr. SCARLETT thanked Mr. Gurney's witnesses for the support they had given to the defendant's case.

The CHIEF JUSTICE said, that if the triers were not fully satisfied that the prosecutors had proved that Sheriff Garratt had withdrawn himself from the Society, they had better find for the defendant.

The triers immediately found for the defendant; and the verdict was received in court with exultation.

The CHIEF JUSTICE said, that all the prosecutions of the Association must stand over.

Mr. *Thelwall*, one of the persons prosecuted, then rose and stated, that rather than have the prosecution hanging over him, he would wave his particular objection to the array.

At the learned Judge's suggestion, however, Mr. Thelwall postponed his determination till to-morrow (Saturday.)

[For Saturday's proceedings, see a previous column.]

OLD BAILEY.

On Thursday, *John Smith*, *Sam. Hucks*, *William Foreman*, and *George Hall*, journeyman coopers, in the service of the West India Dock Company, were indicted for conspiring to raise their wages.—The chief evidence against them was Thomas Barnesworth, a fellow-cooper, who had assisted at their trade-meetings as Chairman, had incited them to resist the offers of their employers—(who let it never be forgotten in all such cases, can combine with impunity to fix the wages of the journeymen)—and had moreover been convicted of an assault upon his own father, for which he had been punished by a year's imprisonment!—After a long hearing, the Jury consulted together for five minutes, and then brought in a verdict of *Not Guilty*.—[Within the Court, the feelings of satisfaction at the acquittal were suppressed by the officers; but outside, three loud cheers sufficiently denoted the popular sentiment respecting such proceedings.]

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

A very extraordinary scene was exhibited here on Thursday. It was the trial of *Joseph Sharp*, gardener, charged by his employer, the Rev. Thomas Vialls, of Cross Deep, near Twickenham, (not, as reported, the Vicar of Twickenham,) with having stolen one slice of bread and one slice of beef (each of four ounces weight) from the larder of the Divine Prosecutor.—After the grave statement of his Counsel, which was followed by peals of laughter, the Reverend himself gave testimony. He declared, that on finding the bread and beef in a drawer where seeds were kept, he concluded from the complexion of the beef, that it had been cut from a round belonging to him; and this conclusion was confirmed beyond all doubt, on his cutting a similar slice from the round aforesaid, which on comparison coincided in every particular! (*Bursts of laughter.*) On cross-examination, he admitted that he had shown the beef to his cook, who said it was not his, being coarser in the grain!

When Mr. ALLEY had said a few words for the defendant, the Jury rose and said he need not call evidence, for nothing had been proved against him.—The Prisoner's Aunt, who had given him the slice of beef, was in attendance to prove that fact; and so was the Vicar's cook, to state that it was not taken from the Reverend's beef.

The CHAIRMAN very properly observed, that the Defendant had been hardly dealt with, as he should neither have been imprisoned nor prosecuted on such evidence.

[The Reverend Prosecutor, it appears, keeps three or four carriages, and lives in splendour.]

POLICE.

MANSION-HOUSE.—On Thursday, a little boy, about seven or eight years of age, who has been sometimes called *Palmer*, sometimes *Roberts*, was charged with having been deeply concerned with a gang of desperate housebreakers, under the immediate direction of his own father and mother.—On Sunday last, he

was seen at a very late hour at night lurking near the corner of Swan-lane, Thames-street. The watchman took him up. He was taken on Monday before the Lord Mayor; after a long series of evasions, he confessed that he had been *delivered* up to two men the night before, who had rowed him from Westminster-bridge to Thames-street: and that these men were well furnished with crow bars, &c.; but he would give no further account of them.—The prisoner was sent back to prison after his first examination, and Dady, an officer, was ordered to make further inquiries.—On Thursday, Dady stated that he had learnt the birth, parentage, and education of the prisoner. His father was a thief, who had been transported, and his mother was a common prostitute. They were in the habit of hiring him out by the night to housebreakers, for whose service he was highly educated. He had carried the art of climbing to the highest perfection, and could enter a hole not much larger than was necessary for the admission of a cat. The boy himself exulted in the acts he had committed, but carefully concealed the names of the ruffians. It appeared that he had been hired out by his father and mother the night before to a set of thieves, and was, by his own account, to have entered the house of a Mr. Richards, at the corner of St. Martin's-lane, and to admit his companions. The thing would, he said, have been done but for the watchman. The way he worked was this:—The men cut a hole in the shutters of a house and thrust him in. He opened the shutters or the door, if he could: but if he could not, he handed out as much as he could lay hands upon to his companions. If admission could not be gained by any other means than the chimney, he used to climb up the house and drop down the chimney, from whence he used to go to the hall-door; but finding sometimes insurmountable difficulties in his plan of getting out, he then returned the way he entered, carrying with him as much as paid his employers for his labour.—The officer said he had stated the circumstance to the Philanthropic Society. One of the members attended, and said that the boy should be kept from all intercourse with those outside, and be taught a trade.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

On Saturday last two very serious accidents occurred at Bank Wood, near Bretton. Mr. H. Tinker was invited by Mr. Hutchinson to shoot upon his property. During his visit he went, accompanied by his servant, into Bank Wood, the property of Mr. Stuart Wortley. They entered the wood by a private footpath, and had not proceeded far when the servant stumbled over the wire of a spring gun, the contents of which were lodged in his leg and foot. Mr. Tinker had only proceeded a short distance farther, when he became entangled in the wires of another gun, which also exploded; the contents lodged principally in the right arm and shoulder of this gentleman, though a considerable number of the slugs entered the head and body; one of them passed through the cheek into the mouth; a number of shots were also lodged in both thighs, and only a single shot took effect below the knee. Surgical aid was instantly procured. The servant is pronounced out of danger, but Mr. Tinker is still considered to be in an alarming situation.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A most distressing occurrence took place in Sunderland, on Tuesday last. The attention of our correspondent was particularly attracted in passing a man, rather well dressed and uncommonly clean, with a bag of coals upon his back. He seemed to stagger under his load, and being asked if he was not well, faintly answered "I am sickish;" and at the same instant the coals fell from his shoulders, and he dropped down dead without struggle or groan. It appears that his name was Dodgson; that he was a man of rather superior attainments, and had for many years obtained a comfortable subsistence by teaching in a school in Bishop Wearmouth, till his little establishment was broken up by the overwhelming ones of Bell and Lancaster. He had come down into Sunderland that morning to earn a few pence, and it is thought that his strength, at his advanced age, being supposed to be upwards of sixty, had sunk under an employment to which he had never been accustomed.—*Durham Chronicle.*

Robbery and Attempt to Murder.—Monday evening a little after dusk, as a young gentleman, residing at Poplar, was passing on his way home along High-street, Whitechapel, he was allured by a female to one of the infamous brothels in George-yard, where he was assailed by a number of women, and robbed of his purse containing seven sovereigns and some silver. To save his life, he jumped out of the window into the street, leaving behind him his hat, and effected his escape.

Kendal, Dec. 6.—A most distressing catastrophe has occurred here. Mrs. Towers, wife of Mr. Towers, surgeon, of this place, was shot in her own house last night, and expired immediately. A Coroner's Jury sat this afternoon, and have returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against the Husband."—The individuals concerned were in the prime of life, and highly respectable. It is supposed the unfortunate husband committed the fatal act in a state of temporary derangement. The town is agitated beyond measure by this tragical event.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

Shocking Murder.—Saturday an Inquest was taken at Great Torrington, Devonshire, on the body of Mary Stevens, a single woman, and a verdict of *Wilful Murder* returned against *Philip Chappel*, a young man, by trade a glover, who was on Monday morning committed to the county jail at Exeter, under the Coroner's warrant. It appeared that the miserable girl was courted by Chappel, and pregnant. They had been seen walking together on Friday evening, near the spot where the body was found on Saturday morning, lying on a bank near a mill-pool. Bruises appeared on her forehead, yet from other circumstances it is conjectured she had been drowned in the mill-pond, and drawn out again. She was an industrious girl, who supported herself by going out to work.

Dreadful Catastrophe.—On Wednesday evening, a young gentleman, 15 years old, and highly accomplished, the eldest son of Major Lenon, who resides at Grange Cottage, got leave to go out for the purpose of killing rabbits. The young gentleman wrapt himself up in a Portuguese cloak, with the intention of calling upon the son of a neighbouring farmer, of the name of Maher, who generally accompanied him on such occasions. In a fatal moment, Mr. Lenon conceived the idea of giving the young farmer a surprise, and concealing his face—which he did by elevating the cloak above his head—on arriving at Maher's house, he assumed a feigned voice, and leaning over a hatch-door, demanded their money, arms, &c. Young Maher—the rustic friend and companion of Mr. Lenon's hours of recreation—struck with the supposed danger of the moment, seized a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, and—horrible to relate!—fired at the young man in whose defence he would have died himself! The nose, and a considerable part of the head, were literally blown away! Mr. L. died on Thursday. The miserable young man who committed the act was seized with a delirium, and has gone off, no person can tell where! On Saturday there was a Coroner's Inquest held on the body.—Verdict, Accidental Death.—*Carlow Morning Post.*

Between eight and nine o'clock on Wednesday night, as Mr. Fitzpatrick, chief clerk at the Police-office in Great Marlborough Street, was on his way home to his house in Wellington-street, Spa-fields, he was attacked by three or four villains, who knocked him down and robbed him of his money and watch, with which they got clear off.

Mr. Thomas Milwood, of Thayer-street, Manchester-square, returning home on Wednesday night from Chelsea, was attacked in the Willow-walk by three men, dressed in smock frocks, armed with bludgeons. One of them, without speaking to Mr. Milwood, struck him violently across the head, but did not knock him down. Mr. M. attempted to defend himself, when he was knocked down by another of the ruffians; they all beat him most unmercifully, robbed him of his watch and some silver, and left him weltering in blood.

Monday night the three game-keepers of Asheton Smith, Esq. of Tidsworth, near Andover, were attacked by poachers; a scuffle ensued, which ended in one of the keepers being shot dead, and the other two were so desperately wounded that their recovery is scarcely expected.

BIRTHS.

Lately, in the parish of Linkinhorne, Cornwall, Mrs. Elizabeth Pet, aged 43, of twin sons. The honoured sire is upon the verge of 80!

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, Mr. Tayler, of Paternoster-row, to Sarah, second daughter of John Birkett, Esq. Cloak-lane.

On the 10th inst., at Lamport, Northamptonshire, Lieutenant Colonel Packe, of the Grenadier Guards, to Eliza, the only daughter of the Rev. Vere Isham.

DEATHS.

On Friday week, of apoplexy, John Ring, Esq. surgeon, of Hanover-street, Hanover-square, aged 69.

In Burden-street, Hull, in his 100th year, Mr. Robinson, a native of Beverley. He retained all his faculties to the last.

On Tuesday, in Queen Ann-street, aged 82, the Honourable Mrs. Anson, relict of the late George Anson, Esq. She was daughter of the first Lord Vernon, and mother of the late Viscount Anson.

On Monday week, in Upper Cadogan-place, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Hamilton, aged 35 years.

On the 30th ult., at Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. James Newton, aged 81 years. He was an eccentric character, and possessed of an independent property. He lived in a small house alone. About three years ago his house was broken into in the night time, and from that period he never slept in a bed, but lay on a sofa, with six wax candles burning throughout the night.

On Tuesday, in Mansfield-street, Sir Martin Browne Folkes, Bart., of Hillington Hall, Norfolk, M.P. and F.R.S.

On the 9th inst., in the 71st year of her age, Mary, the wife of Charles Lloyd, Esq. banker, of Birmingham.

Lately, at Paris, the widow of the late Hon. Thomas Walpole.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TO-MORROW, December 17, will be performed, (2nd time) JANE SHORE; Lord Hastings, Mr. Kean; Glo'ster, Mr. Cooper; Alicia, Mrs. Egerton; Jane Shore, by a Young Lady. With the CORONATION.

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ADELPHI THEATRE.

TO-MORROW EVENING, Dec. 17, and during the Week, a new Burletta in three acts, called TOM and JERRY; or LIFE in LONDON. To conclude with the Burletta of LODGINGS to LET.

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